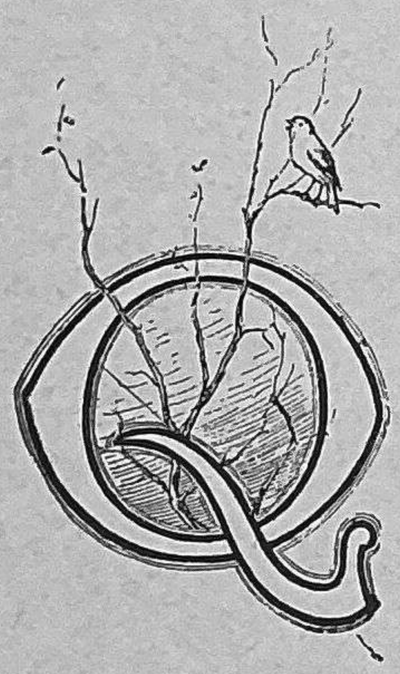

"QUACK! quack!" said the white duck in the farmyard. "Here is some bread at last. How late Katie is to-day!"

"She has been kept in," said the green drake. "She was naughty this morning, so she could not come out."

"How do you know that?" asked the little grey duck.

"I know," said the drake, "because I watch and listen, and do not cackle all day long like some people."

"Quack! quack!" said the white duck. "At any rate, you might be more sociable, and come and eat some bread now."

"I am thinking," said the drake. And this is what he was thinking.

The wild brier was leaning over the hedge, and the wind had told her how to read people's thoughts in their eyes. She told me what the green drake was thinking, so I know I am right.

"How silly of Katie not to learn her lessons. She might have come out this morning and enjoyed the showers of rain. But, after all, little girls don't like showers; and that seems to me to prove that I am right in what I have always said, that the world was made for us, and not for little girls."

Then the green drake shut his eyes, and the wild brier could tell no more, for he could read thoughts only by the eyes. And the green drake went to sleep.

But the little girl was thinking too.

"Why doesn't the sun shine always?" she wondered. "It is so

tiresome when it rains. It rained all yesterday, and to-day I had to learn lessons. Oh, I wish I were not a little girl! The ducks are much happier, I am sure. They have nothing to do but sit still and enjoy themselves. I wish I were a duck." And she went away.

But the wild brier was thinking, too; and perhaps this was the most important.

The sun kissed the flowers till they blushed faintly to their golden heart, and the wind played gently with her green leaves, so that they danced with glee, and rustled in harmony with the voice of the breeze. The wild brier was so happy! Had not the soft shower caressed her in the morning, and did not the warm sun shine upon her now? And she thought of the beauty of the world, and of the love that had made all this beauty, so that a child's heart could read it.

And yet the child did not read it.

And the drake did not know that the showers were made for the roses, too.

And there was no poet by to tell the wild brier that she was right, and that the world is beautiful.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde.